

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

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[No. 5.]

*For the Lady's Miscellany.***THE ROBBER.**

An interesting narrative, from the pen of a celebrated English writer.

(In continuation.)

THE next morning he was not to be found but the following letter was lying on his table :

"You believe me, I know you do, to be the murderer of Allen; and though my whole soul recoils at the cruel suspicion, from you, such a suspicion is retributive justice. I know that I have deserved it; but I cannot bear to exist under the consciousness of such an imputation. Therefore, I am going in search of Allen; nor, unless I find him, shall you ever, with my consent, hear of me, or behold me more.

"Farewell! and be assured that with my last breath I shall bless and pray for you."
"THEODORE."

A thousand mixed emotions agitated Mr. Sedley's heart on reading this letter. At one moment he loathed his suspicions, at another he felt them confirmed; then the next instant, his hopes of Theodore's innocence amounted almost to certainty. When it was known in the family that Theodore was gone in search of Allen, the lamentations which the loss of him occasioned, and the expressions of admiration of his generosity, and exclamations of, "But it is so like him, for he never seemed to think of himself, or his own inconvenience," which burst from every

member of it, awakened an interest so deep for that unhappy young man in Mr. Sedley's breast, that he wished to recall him, and endeavour once more to reconcile him to himself.

In a few months, Mr. Sedley, being continually haunted by the idea of Theodore and Allen, and his mind in consequence dwelling perpetually on one subject his appetite failed him; he slept little, ate less, and was so altered a man, that his friends insisted on his calling in medical advice. He did so; and his physician seeing very evidently that something pressed heavily on his mind, recommended him to change the scene, and mix in the gay society of a watering-place.

With this advice he reluctantly complied; but at length he found the benefit of it. In spite of himself he was amused; and at last he was interested in the company with whom he associated. Nor was it long before he became so captivated with the charms of a young lady whom he frequently met in public and in private companies, that he made her an offer of his hand and was accepted.

Nor, during the time of his courtship, or while he continued absent from his own home did the images of Theodore and Allen recur in their usual gloomy manner, to oppress and agitate his mind. But as soon as he returned to his home, his old associations reassumed their influence; and Mrs. Sedley beheld, with painful astonishment, her cheerful, entertaining husband changed into a nervous and silent hypochondriac.

Mrs. Sedley was not a woman to endure what she did not like, in silent acquiescence. She reproached, she rallied, she expostulated; and having a high idea of her own eloquence, Mr. Sedley had to listen to a long and daily oration on the folly of low spirits: till at length, being aware that the cause of his depression was more real than the imagined, and piqued at having his lowness attributed to unfounded folly, he resolved to unburden his mind to his wife, and lessen the weight, which for want of due participation, had long worn down his mind, and preyed upon his frame. And in a few moments the long-treasured secret was a secret no longer; for Mrs. Sedley told it to all her acquaintance; and Mr. Sedley shocked at his wife's indiscretion, and ashamed of his own folly in confiding to her a secret that endangered the life of a young man whom he had pretended to befriend and protect, felt more miserable after he had unburdened his mind than he had before.

And his misery was soon increased by the torrent of reproaches which overwhelmed him on all sides, for not having given Theodore up to justice for his first offence. He was told, that he had let loose a monster upon society, and that he would be responsible for all the robberies and murders which Theodore would in future commit.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Sedley's brother and some of her cousins were in the law, and he was tried and convicted of folly and criminality, by legal, and consequently unanswerable authority. It is not to be

wondered at, therefore, that Mr. Sedley, a man whose heart was kinder than his understanding was strong, should be told that he had acted weakly and wickedly, till he thought so himself; especially when, on examining a well near his garden in order to ascertain the possibility of widening it, a body was discovered in it bearing evident marks of violence.

But near two years elapsed, and no Theodore was again heard of; and most devoutly did the wife-led Mr. Sedley pray that he never might be seen or heard of more; when a man, who lived with Mr. Sedley after Allen's departure, and before Theodore went away, wrote word from London, that he had seen Theodore alight from the Portsmouth coach.

"I am sorry for it," cried Mr. Sedley, turning pale as he read the letter. But his more manly wife laughed at his pusillanimity, and did not leave him till she had prevailed on him to go and make his deposition before a magistrate, in order for the apprehension of Theodore.

To be brief—the deposition was made, and the warrant granted; and it was served on Theodore just as he was coming out of the mail-office yard.

Theodore started, but smiled indignantly when the warrant was served on him, and when he found that he was taken up on suspicion of having murdered Allen. But he sighed, and sighed deeply, when he saw that Mr. Sedley was his accuser, and reflected on the nature of the grounds on which his suspicions were grounded. He assured the officers he had no means of escape, nor intention of escaping; all he begged, was, to be allowed to write a letter to a friend, who would, he expected, call for him at the office in an hour or two: and they allowed him to write, while they stood at the door. Then Theodore having asked how long it would be before his trial came on, and finding the assizes were approaching, set off with his jailors, for the prison in the

county where the crime was said to have been committed.

As soon as Mr. Sedley heard that Theodore was actually in prison, his agonies of mind were unspeakable, and he bewailed the day that he first confided his cares to his wife; or, indeed, he regretted the moment when he was rash enough to marry; for Mrs. Sedley was completely a domestic tyrant: she was one of those notable, busy, dogmatical, and shrewish women, (and there are such) who pique themselves on carrying every point that they have once declared they will carry; one of those sweet tempered beings, who, after they have been reasoned with for hours on the impropriety, or folly, of an action which they are going to commit, coolly answer, "No matter, I will have my own way, and there's an end of it."

And even such a woman was Mrs. Sedley. But Mr. Sedley whether out of pique to his wife, or from remorse of heart, was never so convinced of Theodore's innocence, as now that he was going to prosecute him for a supposed murder; nor could he be easy without sending to Theodore in prison, to know if there were any conveniencies or indulgencies that money could procure, which he wished to have; because, if there were, his purse was at his service: and he assured him most earnestly, that he had been compelled to take the steps which he had taken against him, and that he repented of what he had done, from the very bottom of his soul.

Theodore replied, that he wanted nothing in prison, but what he was rich enough to procure; and that he knew very well how reluctant Mr. Sedley had been to prosecute him. He added, that he should always remember that Mr. Sedley's present severity to him was against his inclination, but that his past kindness was the unforced offering of his own generous heart.

Mr. Sedley read this letter, and was more miserable than he was before; nor

could he help loudly protesting that the idea of being forced to appear against Theodore, occasioned him insupportable anguish; though he knew that he was only going to perform a duty incumbent on him, as the body found in the well, in size and shape exactly resembled Allen; as the clothes on it were such as he wore when he disappeared; as the linen of the murdered man was marked W. A.; and as such parts of the features as were not disfigured by violence, bore a strong resemblance to the features of Allen.

Theodore, meanwhile, on being asked when he meant to consult with his counsel, declared that he did not mean to employ any, but should plead his own cause: and except one friend who visited him in prison, he saw no one, but busied himself in drawing up his defence.

Indeed Theodore rejoiced in the opportunity in defending himself publicly, and telling his own story: nor would he, if he could, have avoided his trial, because he found that his character had been most cruelly injured, or rather utterly talked away, by Mrs. Sedley, and the real facts so distorted by misrepresentation, that in a court of justice only, he could hope to clear himself—and to that he confidently appealed.

The day appointed for the trial at length arrived, and the court was crowded at an early hour. When Theodore appeared, every eye was turned upon him with eager curiosity, and Mr. Sedley could with difficulty be kept from fainting;—while Mrs. Sedley herself felt her animosity against her husband's former *protege* considerably softened, when she saw in the imagined culprit, a handsome, tall, graceful youth, whose deportment was calculated to excite respect, whose countenance invited confidence, and whose large dark eyes sparkled with intelligence.—"I hope he will be acquitted," was the general whisper throughout the court; and Mr. Sedley, overhearing it, devoutly cried "Amen."

This was an action of rebellion against his commander in chief: it consequently restored her to all her implacability; and she trembled with impatience till the counsel for the crown opened the prosecution.

(To be Continued.)

For the Lady's Miscellany

FRAGMENT.

***** ART thou, O reader! bending under any of the heavy afflictions which frail mortality is heir to; do thy woe-worn cheeks and eyes, that lack their lustre, proclaim that thou art wretched; has adversity already cast a gloom over the morning of thy days; art thou oppress'd by the haggard spector Poverty; have thy relatives unfeelingly discarded thee, and cast thee on this unfriendly world, to seek a precarious subsistence? do not refuse to be comforted, but consider poverty, with health, is capable of much real happiness. Apply with diligence to your profession; and though your rich relations may look down from their elevated sphere, with contempt upon you, be it yours to show them that happiness does not consist in *feasting*, and *expensive vanity*, but that every thing which a man can require is comprised in health, peace, and competence. "By virtuous industry," my dejected friend, "thou mayest acquire a decent maintenance; and by patience and contentment, be happier than in the day of thoughtless prosperity."—Seek then, I entreat thee, in Religion, that comfort which the world denies thee, and thou wilt abundantly find it. Would to heaven poverty was the only ill we had to grapple with; but alas! it is but one in the grisly—troop. Look abroad for a few minutes, and on the one hand you will perceive a poor luckless maiden, seduced by artful villainy, and cast forlorn upon the world; no friend, no protector, to afford a shelter from the pelting of the pitiless storm:—let imagination dwell for

a few moments upon the heart rending affliction, and

Point to the parent's fondling with their child; Then paint the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild.

If this little essay should fall into the hands of one who has experienced the cursed villainy of our sex, who has been first seduced, and then abandoned, think not, *my sister*, you are destitute; be not cast down; remember the Son of Man came down from on high to save sinners; and you have his own words for being assured, that on your sincere repentance, he will abundantly pardon. But, on the other hand, I behold the afflicted parent mourning over the stay of his declining years: the wife hanging in mute despair around the neck of her dearest partner; life just quivering on his lips; the disappointed lover, and the forsaken child; the blasted—But whither do my thoughts hurry me? a volume could not contain an account of all the vicissitudes and calamities of this uncertain world.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

To a young Lady on her leaving this City.

Whate'er my lot, whate'er my humble state,
May pleasure still on thee dear Susan wait;
May you, beyond my fondest wish, be blest,
And live, by all the wise and good caress'd.

But should some cause unseen our friendship break

(Forbid it fate—I cannot thee forsake)
If then these lines should meet thy lovely eyes,
Let these suggestions in thy bosom rise:

'How pleas'd did William grant my fond request
What pure delight then glow'd within his breast,

How did his heart, though silently, implore
On me each blessing that the gods could pour.

And shall I think him of so base a kind

That no one thought e'er rises in his mind
Of me, who then deserv'd, he proudly own'd,

The pleasure, not the pain that greets a throne.

No, for while he lives his prayers will never cease
For Susan's happiness, for Susan's peace.

WOMEN EATERS

A species of monster lately described, who kill the object of their fury by means not easily accomplished, and by which few women are said to have died.

In the course of a late trial, which attracted considerable attention, an instance of this atrocious method of proceeding was brought to light; a witness, who was footman to an unfaithful wife, being asked on what occasion it was that he first observed any improper familiarity between his mistress and the friend, I fear the near relation of his master, replied, "Walking at a certain time, in a field adjoining the house in which my master resided, I happened accidentally to look back, without being aware that any person was behind me; when I saw Mr. ***** kissing my mistress as if he would eat her up."

"Most of us, at one time or other of our lives," observed a barrister, "have suffered from the indulgence of unruly appetites: but when gentlemen proceed to such lengths as to devour their neighbours' wives, they must not complain if they are compelled to pay for such luxuries.

Lon. Pub.

ANECDOTE.

One of the kings of Spain deputed a very young man as an ambassador to the court of Rome. His holiness upon the ambassador's introduction, was highly offended, and asked him, whether the king of Spain could not have found an elderly man in his extensive dominions to depute as ambassador, rather than send a beardless boy? "Holy father," answered the ambassador, "had the king, my master, had any conception that so much merit consisted in a beard, he would have sent a goat to wait on your holiness, instead of me.

LET the object of love be careful not to lose any of its loveliness.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

FROM SEGUR'S
INFLUENCE OF WOMEN IN
SOCIETY.

(Continued from page 28.)

THE BIRTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

WE have been able thus far to observe the influence of governments and of laws on the manners of women. After several successive ages, a change was effected which went in some measure to purify, and renew the morals of this sex, too weak to stem the torrent of licentiousness.

We have successively seen the women among the Patriarch's reduced to the simple employment of a mother of a family; among the Egyptians, treated with more consideration, and always regarded as the sources of happiness: in Greece, sometimes neglected, as in Athens; sometimes, as among the Lacedemonians, exposed to the curious eye of the men, and at the same time, the victims of a cold and criminal philosophy, which, by misplacing, degraded them. They held a more respectable situation in Rome, in the first ages of the republic; but soon afterwards abandoned to all its dissoluteness, and all its dangers, they are seen to follow the Roman Empire in its decline, to partake in its corruption, and involve themselves in its ruin. Such was the gradual progress of the manners and the condition of women so far back as the reign of Tiberius.

At length Christianity arose: it came to offer to mankind a safe system of morals, of present and of future happiness; it proposed to them, as their glory, a reconciliation to the Supreme Being: as an end in adopting it, sweet consolations on the earth; and, as a reward for persevering in it, an eternal rest in heaven.

Until that time the women, unsettled in their desires, and subdued even in their thoughts, unacquainted with any other light than the transient glimmerings of

pleasure, waited without hope. Having become Christians, they subdued their passions and their reason; and warmed by a pure and vivid flame, they elevated themselves to the divine love, and tasted that anticipated happiness which faith inspires in our breasts, even in adversity.

It is in these tender minds, above all others, that the law of Christ ought to exercise all its influence. They were, in fact, the first to embrace these religious doctrines, which corresponding to all the secret movements of their hearts, to their natural fondness for pity, for love, and for devotion, proposed to them engaging occupations, and enjoyments without remorse. It is difficult to delineate the amazing revolution which this period effected.

Christianity, severe in its principles, but proffering forgiveness, substituted the reign of the mind for that of the passions. If politics and philosophy, altogether related to the interests of society, the new legislation made this world appear as an empty shadow, from which every thing ought to alienate us; and the world to come, as the only object which should occupy our thoughts, and direct our hopes. Every thing was purified. Disgrace attached itself to licentiousness. The women became more modest, lamented the want of chastity, imposed sacrifices on themselves, and humbled themselves in order to be elevated. Crimes diminished, from the necessity and the obligation they were under of impeaching themselves. Every one was desirous of a restraint, and regarded the limits of his desires and his passions; duties became pleasures; all the wise institutions which had fallen into decay, were restored; vows were pronounced; indissoluble bonds were formed; and marriage, which before had been only an union by the simple agreement of the parties, became a sacred tie, solemnized and consecrated at the altar, and protected by the laws. A simple and pure morality offered itself as a support to the unfortunate, and a safeguard to the

weak and the innocent. Extinguishing hatred, and forbidding revenge, Peace appeared to descend on the earth, to invite the human race to love and support her; and Religion, by uniting together the minds of all mankind, seemed to form one immense chain, which reached over the throne of the Deity.

Every thing in this new worship, served to render it agreeable to the women. It not only re-established a more equal balance between them and us, but corresponded, in some measure, to that inclination, always prevailing among them, to bring others into subjection, and to exercise their power. To convert is also a species of seduction; and the Christian women have, on this account, been seen to give themselves up to it with more ardour than the men. England, France, part of Germany, Bavaria, Hungary, Bohemia, Lithuania, Poland, Russia, and, during some time, Persia, received the gospel from the hands of beauty, and thousands of proselytes were the happy fruits of its charms and its grace.

This sensibility, so natural to women, (a sensibility which love converts into a passion) was soon transformed by religion into a mild and consolatory pity. A desire of promoting the happiness of others, and of cheering the unfortunate, imparted to their minds an high degree of warmth and ardour. Sacred asylums of misfortune were established, patronized, and overlooked by them. Weakness and commiseration triumphed, from the disgust with which horrid spectacles of distress must have filled them. The sick and the afflicted were taken care of, and their lamentations respected; and the tears which yet trickled down their cheeks were received into sympathising bosoms. We at length behold the women, those precious ornaments of the earth, becoming the refuge of the unfortunate, and the resources of the indigent. Persecution likewise, which so severely tried the first Christians, afforded the women an opportunity of unfolding their virtues.

Religion, calm and efficient, had softened their hearts; but when they were oppressed, threatened, and proscribed, it animated their courage, and elevated their sentiments; carried away by a holy enthusiasm, those very women who but lately rivalled the lustre of their charms by the splendour of their dress, now, covered with sackcloth, forgot their attractions, and the feebleness of their sex, braved death, and even courted it. Let us not be astonished at this amazing fortitude. The worship which they defended with so much zeal, protected their weakness. A series of new ideas and principles of conduct was established by it; and another constitution of society afforded itself to their notice, in which they were able to acquire a rank more respectable than they held before, and totally independent of the men. If they remained in society, a sacred institution bound them to their husbands; if they devoted themselves to the altars, they depended for the future on God alone; and thus, in one word, they passed from slavery into freedom.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

THE MENTAL ENDOWMENTS OF WOMEN.

IT has frequently been asserted, that the mental endowments of men are infinitely superior to those of women; but I cannot conceive wherein the boasted superiority consists. Why are not women capable of making equal attainments with men? Can it be said that their natural powers forbid their equal flight? No; for observation proves, that their not rising so high in the literary world, is not to be attributed to the want of natural abilities, but to some other cause. We read in some few, whose minds are cultivated, evident marks of genius. You will allow, Sir, that each set out from a state of absolute ignorance. Well, then, in their youth they are by no means back-

ward: as they advance in years, and study, their minds naturally expand; they give equal proof of improvement with man, and in no case whatever, are they behind him. They possess a strength of reason equal to ours at that age, and can attain the knowledge of every thing they are required to do, with at least, an equal facility; but after they arrive at a certain degree of knowledge, they possess no more advantages, and are deprived of almost every means of improvement.

We look around us with regret; for we can scarce find a woman even desirous of advancing in her scale of being. We naturally enquire the cause: I cannot think, as I before observed, that it is for want of capacity; for their not being desirous of making those attainments with man, abundantly proves to me, that their education has not only been greatly neglected, but also greatly perverted. Their means of improvement have been so confined, that the motives which have been used to stimulate them to diligence, so mean and low, they tend infinitely more to make them neglect every thing that is really worth perusing, than to stir them up to excel in any one instance.

Those books which are calculated to enlighten the understanding, and are read with the utmost avidity by man, are purposely kept from the sight of the fair, with this observation, "That if they are capable of answering a plain question, and are not quite stocks and stones in conversation, it will do exceedingly well for them as women were not designed to shine as much as men, or are not capable of it." But were we not made for companions for each other; whilst travelling a wilderness, to aid each other; and by friendship to strengthen each others hands by sympathy? If, then, the female sex be so far below ours, and is incapable of raising its feeble head high as angelic man, from whence arose an EDGEMORTH, an OPIE; and many others, who, despising those mean, debasing sentiments, expanded their souls? And were they disappoint-

ed? Did they fall in the attempt? Did they prove to the world, that woman's abilities were infinitely less than those of a man? No, they reflect immortal honour on their sex.

O, ye injured, noble fair, in this follow their example; arise to a consciousness of your true worth; you have souls like them, equally capable of soaring with a Newton, with a Milton: lie no longer in disgrace, while you may awake to honour, to glory, to conquest: confine not your soul, stretch it to its utmost bound; seize every opportunity of improving your mind; and, in spite of those who would bind you in everlasting subjection, evidence you have souls as well as they; and, by your conduct, keep them for ever in silence.

A.

THE POWER OF FORTUNE.

THE freshest flowers, the most verdant meadows, the most beautiful gardens, and the most cultivated fields, lose their various charms, at the approach of night. The first dawn of the sun restores them to their former splendor. The most honorable birth, the most eminent merit, and the most useful virtues, strike not the eye, nor attract the attention of the world, till Fortune brings to light these fostering rays, and every spectator is dazzled on a sudden, with their effulgence.

WE should observe, says Socrates, that the sun, who seems designedly exposed to the view of the whole creation, permits no one, *steadily*, to behold him. Every instrument employed by heaven, is *invisible*. The *thunder* is darted from on high; it dashes in pieces every thing it meets; but no one can see it fall; can see it strike; can see it return. The *winds* are *invisible*; though we see well the ravages they every day commit, and feel their influence the moment they begin to

blow. If there be any thing in man that partakes of the divine nature, it is his soul: there can be no doubt that this is his directing, governing principle; nevertheless, it is impossible to see it. From all this be instructed not to despise things invisible: be instructed to acknowledge their powers in their effects, and to honour the Deity.

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES OF THE SPANIARDS.

PHILIP the third being gravely seated, as Spaniards generally are, by the side of a fire, found himself greatly inconvenienced by the excess of heat; but conceiving it derogatory to his dignity to remedy the evil by removing farther from it, waited until the Marquis de Potat appeared, who he then ordered to quench the fire. The marquis, all submission, begged to be excused, alledging that as the office of fire-maker to his majesty, belonged to the Duke d'Usseda, it was not etiquette for him to touch it. The duke unfortunately had left the court, and the fire burnt with increased ardour. None of the domestics presumed to enter the royal presence; and the weak monarch, in waiting for the arrival of the proper person, had his blood so completely heated, that on the following day, an erysipelas broke out in his head, which, being attended with a violent fever, absolutely was the occasion of his death.

If the Spaniards are considered as contemptible for their pride, they must be thought detestable for their cruelty; and Bartholomew de las Casas affirms, that, upon the discovery of America, they destroyed, in forty-five years, no less than ten millions of human souls! and that this hateful sacrifice was made under the base pretence of converting them to Christianity! There is a story recorded of an Indian, who, being tied to the stake, was strongly persuaded by a Franciscan friar to turn Christian, under an absolute promise of going to heaven. The unhappy wretch demanded of the father whether

he should be likely to meet with Spaniards there? and being answered, that it was full of them, instantly refused the friar's counsel, declaring he had seen too much of them in this world, to wish to associate with them in the next.

DR. LAURENZIUS,

Th. Elwes of Germany.

Dr. Laurenzius lived some years ago, in Leipzig. He was a jurist, noted for his opulence. "At home he lived like the poorest person, keeping neither man nor maid; partly from thinking he could not maintain them, partly from fear of being robbed. He lived in a building attached to a large house of his own, in which he had a suite of four rooms, through all which he had to pass on going out. He kept these rooms fast locked, that thieves might be obliged to burst open four doors, before they could reach his Mammon. He seldom sent for meat enough for one meal, and on this, when he did, he lived at least three days. He took neither beer, nor wine, nor coffee. In short, his life at home was a constant fast. Though when invited by his legacy-hunters, he stuffed like a thrasher, and topped like a canon.

"Under the most biting hunger (of which he actually complained to me) he had not the heart to rob his coffers of a single penny. He came to me oftener than once, as I was eating my breakfast, and begged for a bit of roll. 'He felt a little qualm: otherwise, he never, never eat. A single mouthful was enough. More would be his death. He would cheerfully send for a whole roll, but, he vowed to heaven, he had not a halfpenny at home—and it would be a sin too, as all above a mouthful, must be left to spoil.' But when I forced upon him half a roll, he eat it with the utmost greed.

"I have twenty times witnessed, when servants brought him presents, how he would steal to the grated hatch, to spy if

they were thieves; and with what fawning devotion he would draw his bolts, take the cake and wine into custody, and begin: 'Ah! my dear fellow, return a thousand thanks to your master and mistress for the refreshment they vouchsafe a poor wretch—Ah! how glad should I be to give you something to drink—but look you, may I never share the joys of heaven, may I be cast into everlasting perdition, if I have a farthing of money here within—But be sure to tell them, in my name, I will remember them in my will—Trust me, I will not forget them.'

Dr. C. F. Bahrdt's Life.

ON THE HUMAN HEART.

BY LAVATER.

EACH heart is a world of nations, classes, and individuals; full of friendships, enmities, indifferences; full of being and decay, of life and death; the past, the present, and the future; the springs of health, and engines of disease: here joy and grief, hope and fear, love and hate, fluctuate, and toss the sullen and the gay, the hero and the coward, the giant and the dwarf, deformity and beauty, on ever resistless waves. You will find all within yourself, that you find without: the numbers and characters of your friends bear an exact resemblance to your external ones; and your internal enemies are just as many, as inveterate, as irreconcilable as those without. The world that surrounds you is the magic-glass of the world, and of its form within you: the brighter you are in yourself, so much brighter are your friends; so much more polluted are your enemies. Be assured, then, that to know yourself perfectly, you have only to set down a true statement of those who have ever loved or hated you.

Men are like plants that never flourish if they are not well cultivated. Among a miserable people, the species not only decreases, but sometimes degenerates also.

SATURDAY, Nov. 29.

To note the passing tidings of the times.

AFFECTING INCIDENT.

The following distressing circumstance is stated to us as having occurred in a town in the north of this kingdom (Ireland):—

A young gentleman of considerable pretensions as to character and attainments, paid his addresses to a young lady, who, being gifted with great endowments of mind and person, added the prospect of a liberal fortune, if married with the consent of her father.—It being a material object with him to have whoever may be her suiter, of equal advantage in point of fortune, he signified his disapprobation of the existing attachment she had formed, and preremptorily directed that there should be no future familiarity with her lover, urging his want of independence as the motive. Her objections and reasoning were unavailing—her father was decisive in his injunctions—Her asseverations, that the strength of her present prepossession, would preclude even in remote possibility any other regard, had no influence. A young man, a distant relative, was proposed for her acceptance by her father, as eligible in property, which he conceived to be the material matrimonial ingredients; and he, although in possession of her situation, pressed his addresses, in defiance of frequent explanations and repulses, and they were accordingly married.—The morning after their marriage, when, with the exception of her husband, every one had withdrawn from the breakfast table she emptied the contents of a small phial into a tea cup, and drank it. Her husband, with some astonishment, remarked the degree of cheerfulness with which she drank it. She with much serenity informed him she had drank poison: and that she had found it a sweet draught. The truth of her assertions was obvious, upon examining her tea cup—a white sediment which remained, explained the fact fully. Every possible remedy was resorted to for preservation—but the

strength of the poison resisted all resources. In less than an hour the excess of her agony, which she bore with a placid countenance, brought on the heavy hand of death, and she breathed no more. The misery of the surviving parties is indescribable. *Cork Journal.*

We are informed that a special court will be held at Flatbush, for the purpose of trying William Cornwell, and Martin Hill, for setting fire to Mr. Suydam's stable, and occasioning the extensive calamity in Brooklyn on Sunday se'night.

The theatre at Charleston opened on Monday evening the 10th inst. with the Opera of the Mountaineers, in which Mr. Young, late of the New-York theatre, made his appearance as Octavian. It will excite the risibility of such of our readers as have seen Mr. Young on the stage, to be informed that the Charleston critics represent him to be possessed of requisites for a comedian of the first rank: and that in the characters of Romeo, and Duke of Aranza, he is considered superior to Cooper!!! *[Ed. M. Ad.]*

When Mr. Young was at Boston, he performed the part of Octavian, on account of the indisposition of Mr. Cooper. A writer shortly after asserted that, during the two first acts of the play, the audience were undeceived, and supposed Mr. Cooper himself was personating the character. From the well-known discrimination of the Boston audience, we could never credit the writer's assertion.

The critics of Charleston have had opportunities to witness the abilities of the first theatrical characters in the United States—we therefore conclude that so great an error of opinion has not arisen with them; but that it is more than probable the comedian has been his own eulogist.

MISS SALLY ROGERS, who has for some time past, confined her exhibitions to the Columbian Museum, is now, through the benevolence of Mr. John Procter, accommodated with private rooms at his house, No. 89 Orange street. This young lady, by means of her mouth only, having the use of neither hands nor feet, performs what would appear altogether impossible, without ocular demonstration. She draws with a pencil, and with delicacy and ease, landscapes, flowers, &c. &c. She uses the scissors, threads the needle, and can write with facility. *Bos. pap.*

The city inspector reports the death of forty seven persons during the week, ending on Saturday last, viz. of consumption 8, convulsions 3, decay 2, cancer 1, bleeding from the lungs 1, child-bed 1, dropsy 2, dropsy in the head 2, dysentary 2, typhus fever 5, flux infantile 3, hives 2, intemperance 1, inflammation of the lungs 2, old age 2, palsy 1, pleurisy 1, rupture of a blood vessel 1, small pox 1, sprue 1, still-born 1, sudden death 1, teething 1, worms 2.—Men 16, women 10, boys 13, girls 8.

* * Our correspondent at Princeton will find a note directed to his signature, in the Post-office of that town.

*"As the eye
Bears witness to the light, or the charm'd ear
To tuneful indulation; so their hearts
Strike unison to the great law of love."*

MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening, by the reverend Dr. Mason, Mr. John Alexander, to Miss Mary-Ann Taylor, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the reverend Mr. Lyel, Mr. Charles Benoit, to Miss Ellen Fuges.

At Brooklyn, by the reverend M. S. Thomas, Mr. David Brown, to Miss Mary Wortman, both of that place.

In Paris, his Imperial Highness, Prince Jerome Bonaparte, to her Royal Highness, the Princess Royal of Wirtemberg; sister-in-law to the late Princess Royal of Great Britain, now Queen of Wirtemberg.

In England, lately, Mr. W. Gibson, a Town-crier, to Mrs. A. Harwood, Sausage-maker, being his fourth wife, and her second husband. Her first husband was the smallest man in the town, and the present is the largest; their united ages are just one hundred and fifty years.

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For the Lady's Miscellany.

(Selected.)

FOR MOTHERS.

When the fond mother bending o'er his charms
Clasps her fair nursing in delighted arms,
Throws her thin kerchief from her neck of snow
And half unveils the pearly orbs below,
With sparkling eye the blameless plunderer owns
Her soft embraces and endearing tones,
Seeks the salubrious fount with open lips,
Spreads his enquiring hands and smiles and sips.
Connubial fair! whom no fond transport warms,
To lull your infant in maternal arms;
Who, bless'd in vain with humid bosoms, hear,
His tender wailing, with unfeeling ear;
The soothing kiss and milky rill descend
To his sweet pouting lip and glistening eye;
Ah what avails the cradle's damask roof,
The elder bolster and embroidered woof:
Oft hears the gilded couch unpitying plains,
And many a tear the tassled cushion stains!
No voice so sweet attunes his soul to rest;
So soft no pillow as his mother's breast:
Thus charm'd to sweet repose, when twilight hours
Shed their soft influence on celestial bowers
The cherub innocence, with smiles divine,
Shuts his bright eyes and sleeps on beauty's
shrine!

GOOD BYE AND HOW D' Y' DO.

BY THE HON. ROBERT SPENCER.

One day Good bye met *How d' y' do*
Too close to shun saluting;
But soon the rival sisters flew
From kissing to disputing.

"Away! (says *How d' y' do*) your mien
Appals my cheerful nature,
No name so sad as yours is seen
In sorrow's nomenclature.

When're I give one sunshine hour
Your cloud comes o'er to shade it;
Where're I plant one bosom flower
Your mildew drops to fade it.

Ere *How d' y' do* has tun'd each tongue
To hope's delightful measure,
Good bye in friendship's ear has rung
The knell of parting pleasure.

From sorrows past my chemic skill
Draws tears of consolation,
Whilst you with perfect joys distil
The tears of separation."

Good bye replied, "Your statement's true,
And well your cause you've pleaded,
And pray who'd think of *How d' y' do*,
Unless Good bye preceded?

Without my prior influence
Could yours have ever flourished?
And can your hand one flower dispense
But those my tears have nourish'd?

How oft, if at the Court of Love,
Concealment be the fashion,
When *How d' y' do* has fail'd to move,
Good bye reveals the passion!

How oft, when Cupid's fires decline,
As ev'ry heart remembers,
One sigh of mine and only mine,
Revives the dying embers!

Go, bid the timid lover choose,
And I'll resign my charter
If he for ten kind *How d' y' does*
One kind Good bye would barter!

From love and friendship's kindred source
We both derive existence
And they would both lose half their force
Without our joint assistance.

'Tis well the world our merit knows,—
Since time, there's no denying
One half in *How d' y' do*-ing goes,
The other in Good bye-ing."

The Odds.

The bright, bewitching *Mary's* eyes,
A thousand hearts have won,
Whilst she, regardless of the prize,
Securely keeps her own.
Ah! what a dreadful girl are you,
Who if you e'er design
To make me happy, must undo
999!

For the Lady's Miscellany.

SELECTIONS.

Thoughts on Happiness.

Happiness is an object pursued by all, and though the road to it is direct, few arrive at it. The compass by which we should be guided to this consummation of our hopes, wholly consists in this little maxim,

"Moderate your desires."

When Socrates passed through shops of toys and ornaments, he cried out, "How many things are here which I do not need?" The same exclamation may every man make who surveys the common accommodations of life!

The state of mind oppressed with a sudden calamity is like that of the fabulous inhabitants of the new created earth, who, when the first night came upon them, supposed that day would never return. When the clouds of sorrow gather over us, we see nothing beyond them, nor can imagine how they will be dispelled: yet a new day succeeded to the night, and sorrow is never long without a dawn of ease.

An excellent Rule.

In one of my visits to Dr. Pepusch, very early in life, this venerable master of music gave me a short lesson, which made so deep an impression on me that I long endeavoured to practise it.— "When I was young, said he, I determined never to go to bed at night, till I knew something that I did not know in the morning."

BURNEY.

King Philip of Macedon. He once happened to fall to the ground, when engaged in some gymnastic exercises. As he rose he observed the impression of his body in the sand.— "Heavens," cried he, "how small a space hath nature allotted to us, and yet we are vain enough to desire to command the universe."

Muley Tala, who was prime minister to Alud Herise, emperor of Morocco, once wrote to the king his master, "that he was so poor that he could only afford to keep two/ten wives!"

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